

[24/06/08][22:17:29] -

Title: A Lament For Gunther

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The sun has set upon our

realm;

A great light has gone
out.

I ask the winds of my
dear friend

But he is not about.

O Conqueror of death's
grey robe

Come now in all your
pride!

But ever shall we wait i
vain,

He has gone with the
eventide.

The North Wind blows.

The South Wind cries.

The East Wind tarries.

The West Wind dies.

Forever shall we call you
name

In wishes you will return.

Forever in the Elven
heart

A thought of you shall
burn.

O Gunther! Mantagollo!

Why leave you these

green shores?

A voice now calls to

answer mine,

"He's tired of tears and
wars^!"

The North Wind blows.

The South Wind cries.

The East Wind tarries.

The West Wind dies.

Then live in peace, O

elvenking.

O Elvenking of old,

With shining face and

slender bow

And hair a mane of gold.

Tomorrow will take you

away.

May the sun be where

you roam!

Forever shall we think of

thee

As you cut the silver

foam.

The North Wind blows.

The South Wind cries.

The East Wind tarries.

The West Wind dies.

But ever you'll remain.